

# THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE

No. 241. Vol. 22.

OCTOBER, 1933.

PRICE SIXPENCE NET

## Annie Besant : A Critical Appreciation.

BY W. LOFTUS HARE.

LOOKING back to the year 1912 in the records of this *Gazette*, I notice that Mrs. Besant extended a welcome to the appearance of the journal in some kindly words, which established a connection between our Cause and the President of the Theosophical Society.

"For myself," she said, "the eager welcome of new truth is as joyous at nearly sixty-five years of age as it was at twenty-five; nay, far more joyous, for then new truth was an earthquake, shattering old beliefs, whereas now I know that Truth's earthquakes can only shatter error, and lay bare virgin soil which repay human culture."

It is curious to reflect upon the kaleidoscopic changes in the aspects of Truth which the experience of Mrs. Besant has presented. Perhaps the Creeds and Articles of the Anglican faith appeared true to the young wife of a country clergyman; perhaps the plunge into Atheism provided a thrill of liberating truth; certainly the perusal of *The Secret Doctrine* seemed to her like a flash of truth from the innermost realms which rescued a soul left hungry by the food of negation.

All this story of truth-seeking has been told by Mrs. Besant herself in her Autobiography, and it provides material for reflection on the quest which she undoubtedly pursued.

The time comes appropriately now to estimate the function and value of the principal work of this remarkable woman. All before her entry into Theosophy must be regarded as the tacking of a ship preparatory to a long sail before the wind to a distant haven. Did she arrive in port, and with what rich cargo? How much of it is of permanent use to the folk she led, and the world she sought to teach? A heavy responsibility lies on him who would attempt to answer these questions.

For myself, I doubt if I should have entered so deeply into the realm of research and the joys of discovery if there had been no Theosophical Society ready to offer me its map of the worlds as a tentative guide. I think it probable that Mrs. Besant appeared to me thirty-five

years ago as one who spoke with authority, and deserved credence for what she declared.

I knew nothing of the inner controversies of the first decade of this century, and took Theosophy and the Society which encouraged its study at their highest formal value. Brotherhood, Comparative Religion and Philosophy, and the Psychic Powers latent in man, seemed to be legitimate objects of study and, like many others of my day I had good reason to be grateful for the opportunities offered, and which no other religious body or society could provide.

I dedicated a little book on Buddhism to Annie Besant "with deep respect." I heard her lecture, took the chair for her more than once, and read her writings on themes that concerned me.

It is impossible to deny that Mrs. Besant drew to herself in all countries a vast number of adherents, from many of whom she received something like worship, and who accepted her every mood as a revelation. No ordinary person could exercise such power; and to give Mrs. Besant due credit, I never saw or suspected any efforts on her part to draw or hold her adherents against their will: quite the contrary, she would let them go, if they must.

In our time there has been no woman (or man) who has by speech, deportment and written

word, secured—without commanding it—such faithful devotion from so many, but not from all: and herein lies a problem for which a solution must be found.

The story goes that the late W. T. Stead gave to Mrs. Besant, then a Freethinker, the task of reviewing *The Secret Doctrine*, by Madame Blavatsky. Clearly, the dogmatic power, certitude, argumentative technique, coupled with a virile scorn of all that lay outside the covers of her own book, gave the Russian occultist an easy victory over her reviewer. This event, followed by many years observation, convinces me that Mrs. Besant was weak on the side of critical acumen. She could not have acquired the knowledge necessary to resist Blavatsky's torrential diplomatic skill. She was simply fascinated by a personality who was her temperamental opposite.

Thereafter, Mrs. Besant brought into the Society an orderly, reasonable, quasi-rational view, which made Theosophy attractive to Western minds. She allied it to a progressive social outlook, and drew in, under the heading of "Brotherhood," a large number of well meaning upright people, who, in their turn, received the Oriental elements of the doctrine with favour. Reincarnation and Karma were preached in Europe and America with great success.



DR. ANNIE BESANT.

Died Adyar, India, September 20, Aged 85.



For the second time, however, Mrs. Besant failed in critical restraint and gave way entirely to Mr. C. W. Leadbeater's inventions. From 1911 onwards she received into her mind the seeds of illusion which that able romantic scattered in profusion. There had been a time when, for a short period, Mrs. Besant was able to stand firmly against him, but his subtle arts were too much for her. He inveigled her by flattering revelations, which made her—with himself and their circle—the most important people who ever lived on this globe since time began! As a Chinese writer says of one of his heroes, "the people had not the courage to show him disrespect." So it was with the President of the Society and her unofficial prophet.

Theosophy now took a new turn; a vast hierarchy and a stupendous history were opened up by the pair of "investigators" which secured, I think, the assent of their equally uncritical followers. Mrs. Besant used her powers of generalisation to represent what was called by some "Neo-Theosophy" in a reasonable light, just as she had done with the older themes of Blavatsky.

The crisis came as the young Krishnamurti grew to manhood and either had to accept or reject the mantle of World Teachership, woven by the patient fingers of the now inseparable pair. Would he "deliver the goods?" If he had been able to do so they would have secured a great triumph.

As if this were not enough Mrs. Besant, for the fourth time, allowed herself to be entrapped in a new web. The Liberal Catholic Church, whose "orders" were obtained by very questionable means, penetrated the Society to the very core and became a fresh apple of discord. The modern Hypatia was surrounded by priests and bishops who were made the mouthpiece of revelations from the fastnesses of Tibet! A small quantity of the early critical force which she directed against priestcraft in her Freethinking days would have saved her in this crisis—but it was too late.

I believe the fundamental Mrs. Besant was in search of the Truth, and would have kept a sure path if she had resisted the power of emotional and imaginative glamour which was liberated around her. She was a good organiser, a tireless traveller, writer, lecturer, and correspondent. Her declared ideals were indisputably noble and she might have realised them in part for herself and the Society which depended on her, if she had had the courage to say "NO!" about six times in her long life.

Indeed, I do not doubt that, great as she obviously was, she would have been greater still if she had dreaded and avoided those few yet dangerous extravagances which absorbed her declining energies, disturbed her natural serenity of mind, and deprived the Theosophical Society of the credit and approval it might have earned in the present critical state of the world.

W. LOFTUS HARE.



The "Daily Mail" gave a long and sympathetic notice on September 22 of Mr. F. W. FitzSimmons, new Spiritualistic book, "Opening the Psychic Door" (Hutchinson, 12/6). Our review of this notable South African work will appear next month.

Miss Frederika Quanger, The Hague, addressed the Edinburgh Psychic Centre on September 16 on "Helpers from the Other Side." She read messages she had received at seances and said nothing unpleasant had ever happened to her in her studies, which should always be approached carefully, reverently, and armed by honest doubt and commonsense.

Mr. Alfred Stead, third son of Mr. W. T. Stead, who succeeded his father in the Editorship of the *Review of Reviews* after the sinking of the "Titanic," has just died at Dresden, aged 56.

M. Jules Thiébault informs us that the three allied Spiritualistic groups at Nice, Mantes, and Reims, about whose interesting proceedings he recently contributed an important article to this *Gazette*, have resumed their winter sessions with the enthusiasm and constant fidelity which characterise them.

Mr. R. H. Saunders, Author of "Healing through Spirit Agency," "Health: It's Recovery and Maintenance," and other Spiritualistic works, had an unfortunate motor accident last month, when two ribs were broken. He wrote us humorously about his having to lie up "swathed like a mummy" during his recovery, and he is already almost well, thanks to the ministrations of his guide, "Abduhl Latif," as well as the ordinary medical practitioners necessary in a case of broken bones. We heartily wish him a speedy return to his beneficent work for many sick people.

## RESUMPTION OF THE MEURIG MORRIS SERVICES.

*Aeolian Hall, New Bond Street, Sunday, October, 22.*

MR. LAURENCE COWEN informs us that these Sunday Services, which attracted world-wide attention when held at the Fortune Theatre from January, 1931, to March, 1933, will be resumed at the Aeolian Hall, Bond Street, W., on Sunday, October 22.

This well-known hall has already been closely associated with religious movements, having been the first London home of the Christian Science Church; and later the Sunday gatherings of the Marylebone Spiritualist Association and the Theistic Church were held there. It holds a much larger congregation than the Fortune Theatre.

The organ is one of the finest in the country, having cost £10,000, and a special feature of the new arrangements will be organ recitals of classical and religious music for half an hour before each meeting.

In connection with these services Mr. Cowen is organising what will become known as "The 'Power' Fellowship," an institution on a membership basis, where lectures and other educational features will be held. There will be a reading room and library, and the social amenities of a club will be enjoyed by the members.

An announcement as to the premises in which this Fellowship will meet, will, it is hoped, be made at the opening Service on October 22.

General Sir Pomeroy-Pryor, K.C.B., who has for some years been an earnest student of Christian Spiritualism, is now devoting himself entirely to the support and propagation of "Power's" wonderful work through Mrs. Meurig Morris.

Mrs. Morris is having a brief holiday in Devonshire in preparation for the resumption of the Services. She has in recent months been fighting serious ill-health conditions in the home, but happily her husband is now steadily recovering, and the brave little lady medium hopes to return to the battle with all her wonted vigour.



The finite suffers; the infinite lies stretches in smiling repose.—Emerson.

### *Life Stories from the Spirit World.*

#### "ORIENTAL BIOGRAPHIES."

THIS is the description that was given by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle of the "very convincing" life-stories of ancient Eastern spirits, told through the hand of Richard Phillips when they were first published here thirteen years ago.

A first instalment appears on pages 9 and 10 of this number, and next month we shall reprint the longer stories of Glathis, an Ethiopian; Alcinoé and Aletheia, two Greek ladies; and Mehempet and Tementé, two Egyptians.

GLATHIS tells how "things of the past, or that pertain to other states of being different from our own" are revealed to the dwellers in the world beyond by means of "visions or pictures," just as we are given vivid information here by cinemas.

ALCINOÉ says when she died she "seemed the same in body as before" but passed into still more ethereal bodies, as progress was made from plane to plane.

ALETHEIA says she "knew nothing of what lay beyond death, and naturally dreaded what she was ignorant of," but discovered that her fears had been foolish. "Here there is no decay," she says, "but eternal youthfulness; perfection being reached, there is no decline."

When MEHEMPET fell from the roof of a house and was killed she "found herself standing by her body on the ground" and watched the people trying to bring her back to life.

TEMENTE tells how, in the other world, she "became the wife of a man of my people, and with him I lived in great happiness, and found all my heart's desire." So marriages do appear to be "made in heaven!"

Prompt delivery of this fascinating series, which will appear from October to March, may be ensured by sending a Postal Order for 3/6, to The Publishers, I.P.G., 69, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

The October Number begins a New Volume!



## “The Rock of Truth.”\*

MR. J. ARTHUR FINDLAYS' NEW BOOK: REVIEWED BY ROSA M. BARRETT.

ANY book from Mr. Findlay's pen must command the attention of Spiritualists, and the title of this volume is arresting. I wish he had begun with Part 2, “Spiritualism and What It Stands For,” for Part I is sure to repel many would-be readers with its bitter and unnecessary fulmination against the Bible and the ordinary tenets of Christianity. Is anything ever gained by such iconoclasm? One can be certain that no religion could have survived the centuries of misrepresentation of so many devoted Christians, nor the perpetual martyrdom of others, nor have spread from a minute and unimportant corner of the earth into every country and nation, had it not been based on glorious truth of a life giving quality. To this subject I will return later.

Mr. Findlay's enthusiasm for and devotion to the truths of Spiritualism, and to the Seven Principles for which its teaching stands, is heartening, and so too is his insistence on the *knowledge* now obtained (replacing the former vague faith and hope) that there is personal survival and life after what we call death, but I am not clear that Spiritualism has taught us anything really new. We cannot as yet verify the numerous statements made as to the manner and conditions of life hereafter, though their similarity is a striking fact, even though these are made by so many different controls.

The emphasis laid upon the undoubted truth that it is the life we lead here and now, the thoughts we think, the character we are building up, that conditions our life hereafter, is all to the good. But the acceptance of these truths is not helped by the sweeping and unjust statement (pp. 118 and 119) that both science and theology are grossly materialistic. So far is this from being true to-day—and it is not fair to compare Spiritualism as taught to-day with what was taught by science or theology centuries ago—that one of our foremost men of science, Sir W. Bragg, explicitly says in his recently published book, “The Universe of Light,” that “We may rightly speak of Light as constituting the universe”—understanding that word in its full meaning. This may be Mr. Findlay's meaning when he says, on p. 252, that the Universe is one gigantic scale of vibrations (though that is a confused statement, not very happily worded).

On the same page Mr. Findlay says the Universe is without limit. This does not correspond with the latest scientific theories, at all events of our known Universe, according to Sir J. Jeans and other scientists.

I should much like to know Mr. Findlay's definition or conception of Mind. He says it is the Thinking substance of the Universe (p. 241), adding that each atom must contain a minute proportion of this thinking substance. But is it possible to conceive Mind without consciousness, or can we conceive an atom as having consciousness?

Perhaps in other editions of this book Mr. Findlay will preface such statements as being only what *he* conceives or believes. We are far too limited in knowledge, even to-day, to say for certain what is or what is not the ultimate truth. Do we not hope and trust that we shall

always continue learning more and more about ourselves and about the Universe, as well as about religion? As Freud says, “The capacity to be content with these approximations to certainty and the ability to carry on . . . is actually a mark of the scientific habit of mind.”

I will quote the published words of another leading scientific man of to-day, though I might also ask Mr. Findlay whether he has forgotten the existence of such men as Sir W. Crookes, Sir W. Barrett, Sir A. Eddington, etc., etc., when he says science is “grossly materialistic.”

Even Sir J. Jeans—so much inclined to the mathematical interpretation of the Universe—says: “Mind no longer appears as an accidental intruder into the realm of matter; we are beginning to suspect that we ought rather to hail it as the creator and governor of the realm of matter.” And again, in “The Mysterious Universe”:—“The old dualism of mind and matter . . . seems likely to disappear, not through matter becoming in any way more shadowy or insubstantial than heretofore, or through mind becoming resolved into a function of the working of matter, but through substantial matter resolving itself into a creation and manifestation of the mind.” “The Universe can be best pictured . . . as consisting of pure thought.”

It is hardly necessary to quote Sir O. Lodge in this connection: he is not only or chiefly a convinced Spiritualist, but he has been for more than half a century a leading man of science of world-wide renown; his belief is that “Life and Mind never were functions of the material body, they only displayed themselves by means of the material organism.” And again in his latest book, “My Philosophy,” he says it was perceived “that a study of matter alone was inadequate, and that the behaviour of even the simplest molecules could not really be understood without attention to the properties of the space around them . . . The revolt against the concentration of attention on matter alone was *effectively begun by Faraday during the first half of the nineteenth century.*” (The italics are mine.)

I conclude my quotations from this volume with these noble words:—“The universe is ruled by Mind and whether it be the Mind of a Mathematician, or of an Artist, or of a Poet, or of all of them, and more, it is the one Reality which gives meaning to existence, enriches our daily task, encourages our hope, energises us with faith wherever knowledge fails, and illuminates the whole universe with Immortal Love.”

Are these the words of a Materialist? If so, perhaps Mr. Findlay will define his understanding of the word or withdraw his sweeping and out-of-date assertions.

In his former book, Mr. Findlay gave numerous examples showing how careful and prolonged had been his study of Spiritualistic phenomena, and how completely convinced he was of their genuine character, and of his certainty of human survival. He confirms this in his present book and gives some valuable fresh evidence, some of which has not, I think, been previously published. All this is helpful. He does not refer in detail to psychic healing, of which one is almost daily learning the value, but he is hopeful that by means of a special ray—felt as painful, if intercepted by the assistants—a cure for cancer will be found.

\* THE ROCK OF TRUTH, by J. Arthur Findlay. Riders 5/-.



Near the close of the book he makes some fine statements. "Life we now know is a great privilege . . . and it is the duty of each one of us to live worthy of its thought and design." "We must give serious thought to our future, as we are building here what will be our future home." "A noble thought, just as a noble life, enriches all the world and hastens the harvest of universal good."

Mr. Findlay in this strain can help us all, and we gladly listen to what he has to say and to what he can tell us of his experiences, but I must sadly revert to the earlier, less helpful part of his book. Though he expresses himself with great assurance, it does not appear that Mr. Findlay has studied the sacred writings of any nations in the original, nor their effect upon those nations professing to follow them, though he has read a number of books *about* them, as about our own Bible. I should like to ask him one or two questions.

It was not perhaps Mr. Findlay's intention to magnify (though one receives that impression) the sacred writings of other nations above our own Bible. He can hardly deny that Jewish monotheism was a vast advance on other teaching of the same period. Necessarily, also, the revelation given to them (and through them to us) was gradual. All nations pass through a period of childhood and can only be taught by degrees. But can anyone conceive of a higher, nobler teaching than that given by Christ—looking at His own words, not at the interpretation put upon them by others? Does any other religion banish fear? or recognise the sacredness of womanhood, still less that of childhood? Which are the nations that to-day are progressive? Are they not those that are trying to live up to the teaching of Christ? Truly Mr. Findlay points to the tenets of Spiritualism as being first The Fatherhood of God, involving The Brotherhood of Man, but where did those thoughts originate?

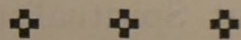
I am reminded of what a Chinese teacher said to one of my brothers to whom he was teaching the language. "We have great thinkers and teachers," he said, "and they tell those who are wicked and miserable and wretched to get out of the mire and rise higher, but your Christ seeing them floundering goes down to them and takes them by the hand and says 'Come up with me!'"

If, indeed, Christ taught, as Mr. Findlay states, no new truths, let us be the more thankful that God revealed Himself to other nations besides the Jews and that so many glorious truths may be found in other sacred writings. But the Christian teaching of the present day bears little resemblance to the description given of it by Mr. Findlay (p. 120). *We* are not responsible for errors of the past; but is not the living truth of Christianity proved anew by the very fact that its followers are always growing, always learning, becoming, reaching out to something ever higher and greater?

If I have pointed out some statements in this book, reiterated to weariness, that seem to me erroneous and far too sweeping, it is because I feel that writers and speakers, like Mr. Findlay, who are assured of a wide hearing, have such a tremendous responsibility. They can help us to discard the crutches by which so many are trying to climb to greater heights, but this can only be done by clear thinking and building on a sure foundation, and not by knocking away the essential beams upon which that foundation is built.

Let me quote in conclusion some of the helpful thoughts with which the book concludes: "I realised," writes Mr. Findlay, "how Mind in man had advanced to happiness and perfection just in so far as each one had put himself last and another first. I realised how his happiness had increased when he found it was better to love than to be loved, and to serve than be served . . . I realised also that when our work here is done it is but continued elsewhere, that death is but a bend in the road leading to the Infinite; that each one is part of one great whole, which never loses strength or power, and that what seems loss to us is never so to that which always was, is now, and ever shall be . . . Let each one of us make the most of the present, learning all it has to teach, as Nature's revelation is greater and grander to-day than ever before."

**POSTSCRIPT.**—Since writing this review, I have come across these words of Sir Oliver Lodge:—"I am against destructive criticism. . . . Construction is much more effective, and the old errors will drop away in good time. . . . That the Old Testament ideas are crude is quite appropriate to the early times. . . . A violent attack from the camp of Spiritualism I do regret. It won't do any good and will intensify clerical opposition and lend some colour to their claims of its anti-Christian and irreligious character." . . . "Our English Bible is a literary gem."



### A MESSAGE FROM THE SPHERES.

#### "FELLOW WORKERS IN THE FATHER'S VINEYARD."

**Introductory Note:**—The following Spirit Teaching was given me because I had been inwardly troubled with an unspoken doubt as to whether it were possible to love and revere one's Guides and Helpers in the higher spheres "not wisely but too well," by allowing our thoughts of Them to veil the Great Oversoul—God, the Divine Father of all. Was I, perhaps, in a sense looking to them instead of to God in my endless search for guidance and instruction? Of course, I know quite well that They are all but the Messengers and Ministers of the Divine, yet this tiresome question or doubt did now and again cast a cloud over my mind.

The following message was yet another proof of how we are ever in Their sight, and that our thoughts are an open book to Them. I am writing this by request to help any other soul who may suffer from the same sort of questioning concerning their loved Guides and Helpers, and have thus dimmed their joy in Spirit Communion.—HEATHER B.

**F**EAR NOT! We are but emissaries of the same Divine Father, God, of whom you endeavour so earnestly to be conscious, and whose Will you strive to make your will. We are not asking you to do *our* bidding, or to worship *us*; far from it!

Try to think of us as willing workers in the Father's vineyard, like yourself, but with a knowledge beyond yours because we are no longer hampered by the flesh body and its senses. We are the servants of the Highest, whose law is Love and Service. We would but give you a hand up the steep and difficult stairs of the earth-life.

We are all children of the same Father, and our messages are inspired by Him who is LOVE. So, sister, cease to torment yourself with the thoughts which we have read in your mind. Fear not to give us your sisterly love and confidence, and allow us to help you on the "lonely way." Open your eyes to the happy truth; see and rejoice; the way is *not* lonely!

Give us your hand in loving confidence, and let us step out in radiant company, buoyed up by the truth that we are all working together—you and we—under the banner of LOVE.

AS U

THE  
re  
P

interest  
further  
myself  
enablin  
with m  
persona

Any  
moneta  
tasteful  
already  
overwhe  
I cannot

T

Only a  
Three ch  
respective

The in  
sample of  
past seve  
simple of  
the World

Names  
municato  
correctly  
to those t  
looked up

The Ps  
to the pa  
but with  
tablets, e  
pantograp  
is in the c  
power.

In one  
persons at  
and relativ  
interesting  
gators wh  
scepticism  
unseen co

At a  
previously  
her mothe  
and passi  
give the  
at 9.15 a.m.

In anot  
been in u  
months.  
they meet  
much from

The con  
ignorant  
might sug  
given with

When  
mentality  
in order  
the comm  
The answe  
by the  
any interv

Short a  
investigat  
to the sit  
sentences

as they ar  
Students  
following

SCIENTI

ZAARHOC  
instead of  
wise and tr  
to us in di  
will discov  
higher guid  
My impa  
to cultivat



# The Psychograph in the Home Circle.

AS USED FOR SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION AND FAMILIAR QUESTIONING.

By W. W. LOVE.

THE information here published last month relating to our investigations with the Psychograph has created considerable interest and brought me many letters asking for further information; and expressing gratitude to myself and the *International Psychic Gazette* for enabling the writers to get into communication with me. These letters have all received my personal attention.

Any question of personal distinction or monetary consideration has always been distasteful to me in these matters, but the evidence already received and available to all is so overwhelming and crushing to scepticism that I cannot withhold it.

## THE INSTRUMENT DESCRIBED.

Only a minimum amount of psychic power is required. Three children, aged twelve, thirteen and fifteen years respectively, have obtained equally evidential messages.

The information published last month is only a fair sample of that received and recorded every week for the past seven months, since I became acquainted with this simple old-world instrument for communicating with the World of Spirits.

Names in full, dates and incidents in the lives of communicators who lived in the far distant past have been correctly given; these were quite unknown at the time to those taking part in the investigations, and had to be looked up later in order to verify them.

The Psychograph is somewhat similar in construction to the pantograph, used for enlarging plans, maps, etc., but with the laths extended, to which are secured five tablets, each four inches square. The pointer of the pantograph, which is operated by the hand of the enlarger, is in the case of the Psychograph controlled by the unseen power.

In one room we have two Psychographs for the use of persons anxious to get into communication with friends and relatives who have passed to the beyond. It is very interesting to watch the faces of inexperienced investigators when they become converted from doubt and scepticism as the messages and incidents in the lives of the unseen communicators are revealed and substantiated.

At a recent investigation, a lady who had never previously seen the instrument, received a message from her mother, who gave her name in full, with date of birth and passing. The mother, on being asked if she could give the day and hour of passing, spelt out, "Sunday at 9.15 a.m." This was perfectly correct.

In another room we have a Psychograph which has been in use for scientific investigation for the past seven months. All the investigators but one are men; and they meet together every Friday night, and have learned much from the Psychograph about the life after death.

The communications are in no way trivial, as many ignorant of spirit manifestation and angel guidance might suppose; and the answers to our questions are given without hesitation.

When using the Psychograph, there is no medium's mentality to be disturbed by our exhaustive questionings in order to establish identity by facts known only by the communicator, and which can be verified later. The answers received are thus pure and unadulterated by the normal consciousness or subconsciousness of any intervening medium.

Short answers to questions are easily followed by the investigators, but long answers and messages are lost to the sitters until they are divided into words and sentences by the Recorder, who takes down the letters as they are called out.

Students of Psychic Science and others will find the following records of our investigations instructive.

## SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATIONS THROUGH THE PSYCHOGRAPH.

ZAARHOOF.—A trifle late my friends. Your words instead of mine. It matters little so long as they are wise and true. It is truth we all seek, and it is revealed to us in divers ways and through divers channels. You will discover the truth and learn at-one-ment with the higher guides.

My impatience is merely on your account. I want you to cultivate good habits only, for then you will become

master of yourself and a personality to be counted with. A slack cord neither pulls full strength nor guides aright.

The helpers have many duties to perform, so must not be retarded. I am only appealing, not commanding; that is contrary to our laws.

(The members had been talking among themselves instead of opening the meeting at the appointed time.)

Another exhortation—I wish to impress upon you the necessity to conserve your unity of purpose. You are my pupils, I your mentor. I will advise when needed.

A scientific circle differs largely from a personal one, inasmuch as there are no vibrations to attract dead relatives.

Question.—Would phenomena result if the sitters' eyes were blindfolded?

ZAARHOOF.—You question why the sitters' eyes are used. Because it is a physical form of manifestation, so needs the bodily organs to function.

DORIS.—I find your difficulties interesting. We have to learn as well as you. It is only by asking we learn. I imagine it is the same as a motor engine—it can draw a car, but not without human agency. The chief feature of spirit return is personal contact.

Question.—Are we right in thinking that you operate the Psychograph from the pointer, using power drawn from the sitters?

DORIS.—Yes, your idea is correct. By the power you give out, I am able to move the wooden structure in the right direction. We have but to will, to do or go. Writing is essentially a physical operation, so we need similar organs to perform it.

Question.—Do you see any emanations from our hands upon the Psychograph?

DORIS.—Yes. I should say they resemble electric bulbs—two blue lights and three milky ones.

There were on this occasion five sitters, each with one hand on the Psychograph, which Doris interpreted thus:—

- |        |            |   |
|--------|------------|---|
| No. 1. | (Capt. S.) | Doris.—Power.                           |
| " 2.   | (Miss H.)  | " Mentality used. Passive resistance.   |
| " 3.   | (G.P.)     | " Magnetic helper.                      |
| " 4.   | (T.S.)     | " More power to balance the instrument. |
| " 5.   | (W.G.)     | " Another mental medium.                |

Question.—Can you give us the colour and size of the sitters' auras and their significance?

No. 1. (Capt. S.).—Soft tonings of blue, extending to eighteen inches from the body. Spirituality, but not so strongly urged as that of No. 6. (Our Recorder No. 6.)

No. 2 (Miss H.).—Yellow to golden, shaky in parts, extending to eighteen inches from the body. Purity of purpose. In heat of stress immovable. Willing.

No. 3 (G.P.).—Pink to orange, extending to six inches from the body. Fire of enthusiasm and helpful to our side.

No. 4 (T.S.).—Purple, lighter at rim, extending to twelve inches from the body. Steady and reliable. A good sitter.

No. 5 (W.G.).—Mixed milky white, then cream, ending with greenish tint. Extending to twelve inches from the body. Bad health. Means well, and would be a good helper with concentration.

No. 6 (Recorder).—Blue, from sky to indigo, extending to fifteen inches from the body. He won't go far wrong, principles good, a worker.

Question.—Are you always conscious, or have you any equivalent of earthly sleep?

We travel continually. You see, we have no physical bodies, so know no fatigue as you do. It is your earthly tissues that wear out or decay. It is grand to be able to spend every moment in service; for if we analyse the true aim of every loving soul, we find it is to serve and save from sadness.

Question.—How long were you unconscious after passing on?

Time does not exist for us. I must have awakened very soon, for the same things still held my friends' attention. Very little alteration had taken place—a week perhaps.

Question.—Do you remember seeing your own funeral?

No, but I saw my mother clearing my room and spraying it; so it must have been just after interment. It made me sad to see her grief.

Question.—What was your chief surprise when you became conscious after death?

That nobody saw or spoke to me.

Question.—What is uppermost in your mind: to help those who have passed over or to assist those still here?



For my part to help your side to be happy, and to see things in their true perspective. Valuable time and thought is wasted in futile longings and desires.

*Question.*—Will you explain a normal death?

Very simple process. Just a relaxing of tired tissue and a natural severing of the cord. Then rest, and an awakening on this side.

*Question.*—Does the aura now surrounding the human body become a raiment for the spirit at death?

Only for a short time, until a purer one comes into being.

*Question.*—Does the cremation of the body affect the spirit in its early stages after death?

Not in the least, as far as I know. You burn your fallen hair when you have no further use for it but to remember its glory. So it is with the body; to recollect it is to build up a form of it. With us thoughts are realities.

*Question.*—In my case would you recommend an ordinary burial or cremation?

Personal advice, cremation; but I believe in your case it might hurt the feelings of those you leave. They are not so used to the realisation of an after-life, and so value the body more.

*Question.*—Can you give us a proverb?—Doris.—“To many, a wise head is an added burden; a full pocket is also; enough, but not too much, of both is the better gift. Good-night!”

\* \* \* \* \*

A new communicator then introduced himself thus:—BEYFAUD, Egyptian, born Assuan, 1662; died Cairo, 1710. Ruler.

*Question.*—Where did you rule?—My father's estate.

Locality please?—North-east Nile; rice land.

Can you give us the name of a well-known man who lived in your time?—Alexis, Caliph.

More information please?—Served too many gods; loved the newer fashion in preference to the old and tested ones; but short time spent on serious improvement of my weakest dependents. Wisdom came slowly after the change.

## “Twenty Years After”: Things Worth Recalling.

*From the “International Psychic Gazette” for October, 1913.*

### QUEEN VICTORIA AND KING EDWARD'S CORONATION.

**A** MORE unexpected visitor could not have appeared to my vision than our late Queen Victoria, in December, 1902.

“The Queen!” I exclaimed.

“No, no—Victoria,” she corrected. “I have come to ask you to try to disabuse people's minds of the thought that my son will be removed before his coronation. He has a great work to do, and has begun it well, and his father and myself are helping with all our power to influence others in the same direction, and we hope before long there will not be such a thing as a slum in any part of the dominion over which my son has rule.”

Curiously enough soon after this visit there appeared in a newspaper an announcement that Mr. Walter Long, M.P., had opened a series of new streets in Hull which had been made by clearing away slum areas at a cost of nearly a million sterling, and that the new thoroughfare was named King Edward Street.

On the evening of the day on which King Edward was taken ill, on the eve of his coronation, my father visualised himself to me and asked very earnestly if I could possibly get a message to him as he was somewhat perturbed about his recovery.

“Tell him,” said my father, “that his sickness is not unto death, and that the reason of his coronation being interrupted is that the lines on which it was planned were not in accordance with the Divine mind, as so much spectacular display would have almost eclipsed the sacred and solemn display at the Abbey.”

I sent this message forthwith to Queen Alexandra.

In a daily paper just before the coronation there appeared a message from Reuter stating that the ceremony was to be much quieter than that originally contemplated and that its religious character was to be more strongly emphasised.—Miss Emily Haggard in a *Lecture at the International Club, Miss Scatterd presiding.*

### THE VISION OF COLOUR.

The vision of colour is most helpful to the Mystic. Violet for spiritual power, green for repose, rest and refreshment, yellow for eternal wisdom, blue for divine inspiration, mauve for adoration, orange for health, pink for love, red for life, and white, the best of all, for the shining and abiding Presence of the Love dwelling in the bosom. These colours can be easily seen by Will, by various ways and methods, concentration by candle may prove the most easy and effective to awaken the psychic vision.—N. G. Bacon.

Can you give us a proverb in Egyptian, and afterward the same proverb in English?—“Characters not the same.” (Our chart was only in block letters.)

Then please give us an old Egyptian proverb in English?—“A clean stable means a healthy steed.”

Please give us another proverb?—First I want to say, the more you think out these adages the more profound they reveal themselves. “Store-rooms are the property of the acknowledged weaklings.”

Is that an Egyptian proverb?—It suits all climes. Another night I will come with your leave. Good-night!

CONSUELO.—With love and harmony gaze at the heavens for spiritual food; tend the earth for bodily wants; and search the waters for the solution of life. Good-night!

### PSYCHOGRAPH FOR FRIENDS AND RELATIVES.

This instrument was being used in the adjoining room at the same time as that used for scientific investigation.

During the sitting “E. K. ICHLIEBEDICK” was spelt out.

*Remarks.*—E. K. are the initials of the husband of the lady who was given the messages, and “Ichliebedick” was a phrase the husband often used when with his wife on earth. The meaning is “I love you,” and was not known to any of the other sitters present.

Test for No. 2 Investigator.

“Mother.”

Your name please?—“Schutz” (correct).

Have you a message?—Have you been to John (brother).—No, do you want me to go?—Yes; do go soon.

Can you tell us when you passed on?—1918 (correct).

What was the name your daughter knew you by?—Mammy (correct).

Can you tell us your daughter's name?—Flo (correct.)

The Psychograph can now be obtained from Mr. A. Stewart, St. Winifred's 9a Streatham Hill, London, S.W.2.

In everything you do try to manifest more self-reliance. Remember that the possession of a mind is a jewel of yourself take the place which by right belongs to you. Inestimable value, of which you may well be proud. Humility is a virtue only when it does not cause one to be trampled upon or to shrink from one's responsibilities.—J. Millott Severn.

### ALFRED VOUT PETERS.

Mr. Peters was clairvoyant from his earliest boyhood. He was always aware of a spirit boy and girl playing with him, and he says he was never alone as a child, or afraid of being alone, for his mother told him that “God's angels never hurt little boys.”

When he was sixteen his father died, and shortly afterwards, when walking along the Strand, he heard a voice so distinctly calling “You, Alf,” that he replied audibly, “Yes, dad, what is it?”

### CULTIVATE SELF-CONFIDENCE.

To cultivate self-confidence, endeavour to realise more fully your own inherent powers. Set a higher value upon your abilities and services. Don't let others whom you know to be less qualified and less intelligent than

### ADMIRAL USBORNE MOORE ON “LIFE AFTER DEATH.”

If you will excuse a personal note, I wish to assert that though I have no pretensions to any psychic gift, I have conversed with the spirits of those who have passed over, not once, but a hundred times. A humble follower of Wallace and Crookes, I have earnestly sought for the truth, and am as much convinced by the proofs of identity given that my relatives and friends are alive as I am of my own personality.—Vice-Admiral Usborne-Moore.

### MUSIC IN THE AIR.

Miss Lilian Whiting (writes a Personal Friend) sometimes speaks to friends of the wonderful music she hears in the air. When she was in Rome last spring she wrote to me, “How I wished for you this morning in my lingerings in the galleries of the Vatican. The pictures are splendidly placed, and I had such a rich morning. But all that time, nearly four hours, music accompanied me. It was on the ethereal side, and I heard chanted as I never heard it in this world, the words:—

And the Spirit and the Bride say come,  
And let him that heareth say come;  
And whosoever will, let him partake  
Of the water of life freely.

A DEL  
Doct  
chur  
New Zeala  
it is writ  
H. Monta  
to give  
direct voi  
spirit writ  
in his ear  
the first  
Psychical  
In the  
possibilitie  
are vast, b

“Eve  
possess  
fringe.

“Kn

does no

earth,

is no d

seems t

“Gra

and he

view.

insignif

leaving

manho

The wr  
talks like  
find their  
a very ha  
next.

Mrs. C  
King tell  
will find  
health ar  
the wond  
in pure w  
And ag

“I

will he

be eas

“Al

acts s

the tv

voices

the ea

separa

Beside  
several s  
Crane m  
Queer Cl  
great vo  
Egyptia,

Egypt  
and at o  
others th

“I

as I h

are th

“F

No ni

“I

love

bloom

pleas

bloss

“F

every

fadel

and l

“I

everl

final



## Charming Book from a New Zealand Medium. A SPIRIT DOCTOR'S MESSAGES.

**A** DELIGHTFUL little book, "A Dead Doctor Writes," [Alex. Wildey, Christchurch, 2/6], has been sent to us from New Zealand. The medium, through whose hand it is written, is Gladys Crane, the wife of Mr. H. Montague Crane, who a year or two ago used to give us many interesting accounts of the direct voice seances of Mr. Lancelot Brice. The spirit writings are from Dr. John S. King, who in his earth life practised in Toronto and was the first president of the Canadian Society for Psychical Research.

In the spirit world, Dr. King tells us, the possibilities are not limited as on earth. They are vast, beyond earth comprehension :—

"Even when he reaches the Spheres man does not possess a perfect knowledge, for he is only on the fringe.

"Knowledge is endless here. For some time man does not possess a much greater idea than he did on earth, other than the certain knowledge that there is no death, only change. The source of knowledge seems too great for him to attempt to explore.

"Gradually, as he progresses, new scenes arise, and he absorbs new ideas from a different point of view. Earth's frailties seem so very small and insignificant to him. He gradually rises above them, leaving them as a child does his toys when reaching manhood's estate."

The writings are full of homely, lucid little talks like this, and the pilgrim in this world will find their comforting and illuminating passages a very happy companion on his journey to the next.

### DRINK MORE WATER.

Mrs. Crane is not physically robust, and Dr. King tells her to drink more water. "You will find it," he says, "of great help to your health and mediumship. Few mortals realise the wonderful health-giving qualities contained in pure water."

And again, in another message :—

"I wish to tell you about drinking water. It will help you greatly, for water assists the astral to be easily separated from the physical.

"Always drink water before the sittings, as water acts specially on astral conditions. You know that the two are separated when materialising the spirit voices. The success of mediumship depends upon the ease with which the astral and physical can be separated."

Besides Dr. King, we meet again in this book several spirit friends with whom Mr. and Mrs. Crane made us acquainted in past years :—Queer Claw, the Indian Guide, and Kokum of the great voice, and those beautiful spirit guides Egyptia, Hypatia and Des Asia.

### IN A SPIRIT GARDEN.

Egyptia tells us of her home in the spirit world, and at one sitting she brings to her medium and others the fragrance of the violets in her garden :

"I have conceived my home, for as I think and as I live the structure is composed ; so real, so strong are thoughts.

"Here there is no sun, but a soft radiance always. No night, just that beautiful time of your dawn.

"I have a garden, as you may imagine. Great love and great joy I find in my flowers, for each bloom represents my pleasant thoughts. And what pleasure one can derive from a garden with its many blossoms.

"Picture while yet in your earth garden no death, everything at its noontide ; no decay ; everything fadeless—a perfect peace—yet alive—intensely so—and love supreme wrapping all in silence.

"No sun, yet wondrous light ; no sorrow, but everlasting joy ; and a Presence that makes the final joy and peace of it all."

### THE HEAVENLY GATEWAY.

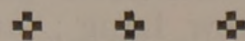
Hypatia describes beautiful gateways leading to beautiful places of joy. One is that which pilgrims who enter from the earth plane see on awakening :—

"It stands guard to the Rest Home, where perfect rest is enjoyed. It is in column formation. Angels stand there with beckoning hands and arms outstretched, imploring those who need rest to come.

"They all bear some message of love, hope, joy, reminding wanderers of the words of old, 'Come unto Me and I will give you rest.' This gateway leads to that rest—eternal rest in God."

Des Asia bids us make our moments in the mighty plain as bright as possible, "and all will be well ; make your day noble and do your best, in deed and truth, and all surely will be well when you leave time behind and find eternity."

A book well worth sending to New Zealand for.



### BRIEF NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

AHMED'S DAUGHTER. By Horace Leat. Wright & Brown. 6/.

Well-known as a medium, writer and lecturer, Mr. Horace Leaf has given us a novel about the life and customs of the peoples of India, their religious beliefs and prejudices, occult practices, and internal squabbles. The book is of more than usual interest because it is supposed to portray inspirationally the life-story and after-death experiences of a young Brahman. Moreover, it has educational value, in that Spiritualism, mysticism and occultism are woven into a romantic story that will appeal to Spiritualists and non-Spiritualists alike, thus affording pleasure and profit to all.

THE HUMAN AURA AND HOW TO SEE IT. By Harry Boddington. Psychic Press, Ltd. 6d.

Mr. Boddington's recent articles on "The University of Spiritualism" have afforded much helpful information on Spiritualistic practices and principles to experienced and non-experienced readers alike. Here we have a reprint of the series, relating to the all-important question of the human aura, and it will be welcomed, coming from an author whose name is so widely known in Modern Spiritualism.

A SPIRITUAL UNIVERSE. By Thomas Ames. Arthur H. Stockwell. 6/.

In a foreword the author says, relating to our physical world : "In such chaotic conditions the ordinary thinking man wonders where he is, what he is, and to what end he and all things are tending. I shall deal with certain principles that I consider to be fundamental in Nature ; that is to say, they lie at the root of all existence, using the term in its widest human sense. By the study of these principles we see that Nature adopts a certain well-defined pattern, and observes the same throughout all her operations ; and by a recognition of the same throughout the immensity of Being, we arrive at a spiritual and more hopeful conception of the Great Totality ; the Riddle of the Universe loses much of its mystery and the perplexities of life become less perplexing."

A careful and unprejudiced reading of this book will help many to accept life's difficulties with greater courage.

BEHOLD THE MAN ! By Walter Clemow Lanyon. L. N. Fowler. 6/.

Walter Lanyon's books on the Higher Life are well known. Here again, in gripping language, he pleads with the reader to try to understand the Loving Will of the Father of all men, as exemplified through Jesus Christ in love and self-sacrifice. "When you have accepted the truth that you are in God's care," says the author, "you are not concerned about what becomes of you." Many similar gems of wisdom and seership will be found in the 200 pages of this inspiring and helpful book.



As healthy sane human beings, we must love and hate—love what is good for mankind, hate what is evil for mankind.—*George Eliot.*

My belief is, not that the good body by any bodily excellence improves the soul, but on the contrary that the good soul by her own excellence improves the body.—*Plato.*

G. DE B.



## International Psychic Gazette

The Independent Monthly Organ of  
Spiritualism and Psychical Research.

All communications for the Publishing, Editorial, or Advertising Departments should be addressed to—  
69, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

### The Fairy Commonwealth.

"The general idea of spirits of a limited power and subordinate nature, dwelling among the woods and mountains, is perhaps common to all nations.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ALL who are interested in fairy lore will be charmed by a curious old book which has just been republished (price 7/6 net) by Mr. Eneas Mackay, of Stirling. Its full title is "The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns, and Fairies, by Robert Kirk, M.A., Minister of Aberfoyle, 1691."

It was written 242 years ago; was first published, with Sir Walter Scott as editor, in 1815; was republished in 1893, with brilliant characteristic commentaries and poetical introductions by Andrew Lang; and now this new edition is charmingly introduced by Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham. It is illustrated by Sir D. Y. Cameron, R.A., his masterly picture of "the hill of the fairies at Aberfoyle" forming the frontispiece.

Mr. Lang dedicated the 1893 edition to his friend, Robert Louis Stevenson\*, then exiled in search of health in the South Sea Islands, beginning thus:—

O Louis! you that like them maist,  
Ye're far frae kelpie, wraith, and ghaist,  
And fairy dames, no unco chaste,  
And haunted cell,  
Among a heathen clan ye're placed,  
That kens na hell!  
Ye hae nae heather, peat, nor birks,  
Nae troot in a' your burnies lurks,  
There are nae bonnie U. P. Kirks,  
An awfu' place!  
Nane kens the Covenant o' Works  
Frae that of Grace!

Then referring to the legend that the "island bairns may stolen be by the Folk o' Peace" he concludes with an amusing confession:—

Faith, they may steal me, wi' ma will,  
And, ken'd I ony Fairy hill,  
I'd lay me down there, snod and still,  
Their land to win,  
For, man, I've maistly had my fill  
O' this world's din.

The author of the book, the Rev. Robert Kirk, is referred to in another poem by Mr. Lang as "The Fairy Minister," for he had the repute of having been stolen by the fairies to become "Chaplain to the Fairy Queen." He "went to his own herd, and entered into the land of the People of Peace."

He heard your mystic voices calling  
From fairy knowe and haunted hill,  
He heard, he saw, he knew too well  
The secrets of your fairy clan;  
You stole him from the haunted dell,  
Who never more was seen of man,  
Now far from heaven, and safe from hell,  
Unknown of earth, he wanders free,  
Would that he might return and tell  
Of his mysterious company!

Mr. Cunninghame Graham says he sponsors the present edition of "The Secret Commonwealth," because it is a monument of a style of literature that has long disappeared, and because it contains much that is "worthy

\*A PERSONAL NOTE I—Few readers may be aware that Robert Louis Stevenson was originally baptised "Lewis," and had that part of his name altered to "Louis," under the following circumstances:—Robert's father, a magistrate of the city of Edinburgh, was a staunch Conservative; Mr. David Lewis (uncle of the Editor of the I.P.G.), was a fellow magistrate of the city, but of the militant Reforming Radical type. The two men were leading champions in a long dour battle, which created a roaring sensation we still remember, over the question of introducing St. Mary's Loch water into Edinburgh. When the fight was over Baillie Stevenson had his son's name "Lewis" changed by deed poll to "Louis" lest anyone in the future should ever confound the two families! This humorous fact is recorded by Robert himself in his Life, and by Baillie Lewis in his "History of the St. Mary's Loch Water Scheme," which we had the honour of editing.—Ed., I.P.G.

of being read, marked, learned and inwardly digested." He thinks Mr. Kirk, the author, was possibly a changeling from his birth, "sent on earth as an ambassador from the Secret Commonwealth of Elves and Fairies, to make their ways and customs manifest to us, the grosser mortals, nurtured on beef and brose."

"His weekly sermon, I conjecture, could not have given him much trouble, for I feel certain he had the gift of words, and was not of that weak-backit, schauclé-kneed breed of ministers, 'sair confined to the paper,' whose sermons, at the best, are a mere cauld morality. I like to picture him with his Geneva gown, neatly starched bands, and weel sleekit pow, after having waled a text from Malachi or Nahum, drowsing along, for a full hour by his sand-glass, placed beside the Bible, to the contentment of his sleepy congregation.

"No doubt the congregation that the ingenious minister served were most of them devout believers in the second sight, in dreams, in portents, will-o-the-wisps, in fairy rings, and in corpse candles, being convinced of their reality in quite a different way from that in which they held the dogmas of the fiery creed they were constrained to listen to in church. These without doubt they all believed in, or at least assented to, for in those days in Scotland to doubt was to be damned. The fairy-lore they sucked in with their mother's milk, and held, not by conviction, for they had never reasoned on it, but quite naturally, as part and parcel of themselves."

Mr. Kirk describes his work as "An Essay of the Nature and Actions of the Subterranean (and, for the most part) Invisible People, heretofore going under the name of Elves, Faunes, and Fairies, or the lyke, among the Low-Country Scots, as they are described by those who have the Second Sight; and now, to occasion further Inquiry, collected and compared, by a Circumspect Inquirer residing among the Scottish-Irish in Scotland."

He claims that this is "A Subject not heretofore discoursed of by any of our writers; and yet ventured on in an Essay to suppress the impudent and growing Atheisme of this Age, and to satisfy the desire of some choice Friends." His motive was excellent.

We must refer our readers to the work itself for a full appreciation. It is not very long (the bulk of the volume being taken up by his learned commentators) but it is vastly interesting and very quaintly spelt.

The author begins by telling us that the Fairies or Good People are said to be "of a middle Nature betwixt Man and Angel, as were Daemons thought to be of old; of intelligent studious Spirits, and light changable Bodies (lyke those called Astral), somewhat of the Nature of a condensed Cloud, and best seen in Twilight. Thes Bodies be so plyable thorough the subtilty of the Spirits that agitate them, that they can make them appear or disappear att Pleasure."

This description, written over two centuries ago, is curiously anticipatory of the descriptions now being given of the psychical constitution of mankind. Can it be that fairies are a small sub-human ethereal species who have never had physical bodies, while having similar forms and faculties, visible only to persons having the second sight?

Continuing he says:—"There Bodies of congealled Air are some tymes carried aloft, otherwhiles grovell in different Schapes, and enter into any Cranie or Clift of the Earth where Air enters, to their own Dwellings; the Earth being full of Cavities and Cells . . . and no such thing as a pure Wilderness in the whole Universe."

Mr. Kirk tell us that the species known as "brownies" "before the Gospell dispelled Paganism, and in some barbarous Places as yet, enter Houses after all are at rest, and set the Kitchens in order, cleaning all the Vessels." Quite good useful homely work. James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, describes their varied utility at greater length in his "Brownies of Bodsbeck."

This book may well "occasion further inquiry" into the question of fairies, which was the author's avowed intention. Surely a world-wide literature on the subject, extending over many centuries, must have some solid basis. And if so the inquiry into the reality of fairies should be lifted above the region of hazy conjecture or romantic story. Photography may well be called to aid, for there are persons gifted with the power to catch fairies with a camera, just as there are others who can obtain "extras" of spiritual beings no longer clothed in mortal bodies. Mr. Tom Charman, of Godshill, Fording-bridge, another "Circumspect Inquirer," claims to have met and conversed with fairies, and seen them dancing gaily around him for years in the New Forest. He has a great collection of drawings made of them on the spot, which we hear will soon be reproduced in volume form.

The subject is a fascinating one and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle contributed an illustrated volume to its literature. As it is quite cognate to Psychical Research, if even more illusive, it should not be airily dismissed in these inquiring times with the too fashionable word "impossible." J. L.

## LIFE

"These Ori  
THE follo  
Richard  
tions fr  
where the l  
prevail, wher  
day," and w  
or die. They  
in 1920.

The author  
and Egyptia  
deans and Et  
on earth tho  
visit this wor

They are  
documents o  
with human  
and forgotte  
tell us abou  
spiritual exis  
point of view

To-day we  
dictated to  
Persia; CA  
peasant; A  
wives); At  
Persian nob  
of the Magi.

I—  
I am a wo  
I lived in  
who captu  
little girl w  
grown up  
married. I

W  
I was con  
feeling as if  
up on the cov  
the body, ar  
I soon saw  
couch. This  
for they did  
this out in  
seemed ligh  
looked at tl  
confused, ne  
be two pers  
I had no di  
I was puzzl  
approached  
was no long  
but a spirit.

We wors  
Ahoramasd  
things. W  
ourselves a  
but by pray  
the sun, bu  
it as a sym

My fath  
My great  
see so litt  
travelled  
the things  
a girl of fo  
different p  
of gratifyi  
been here a  
to my frie  
who had t  
return to t  
had no ch  
bodies.

We did



# LIFE STORIES FROM THE ANCIENT PAST.

AS PSYCHICALLY TOLD TO RICHARD PHILLIPS.

"These Oriental Biographies are very convincing," wrote Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

THE following is the first instalment of Mr. Richard Phillips' remarkable communications from The World Beyond the Vale, where the limitations of time and space do not prevail, where "a thousand years are but as a day," and where personalities do not grow old or die. They originally appeared in this *Gazette* in 1920.

The authors of these Life Stories are Persians and Egyptians, Greeks and Babylonians, Chaldeans and Ethiopians, who lived their short spell on earth thousands of years ago, but who "can visit this world still, and behold all nations."

They are probably the most remarkable documents of their kind, and form a vivid link with human beings who lived in distant climes and forgotten ages, and are living still, able to tell us about their sojourn on earth and their spiritual existence since. From the Spiritualistic point of view they are vastly instructive.

To-day we print the brief biographical sketches dictated to Mr. Phillips by DANOOA, a woman of Persia; CALAMIEL, the daughter of a Chaldean peasant; ALTAMAH, an Assyrian (one of four wives); ATOLDE PEOL, the daughter of a Persian noble; and TERSHAST MELETH, a Chief of the Magi.

## I—THE STORY OF DANOOA.

I am a woman of Persia. My name is Danooa. I lived in the reign of Cyrus, the great king, who captured Babylonia (538 B.C.). I was a little girl when the city was taken. When I was grown up I went there to live. I was never married. I died when I was only nineteen.

### WHAT I REMEMBER OF DYING.

I was conscious all the time of dying. I remember feeling as if I was being drawn up, and felt myself rising up on the couch. I did not at first know that I was leaving the body, and thought I was being lifted up bodily, but I soon saw the prostrate form I had left lying on the couch. This was in the night, and none were present, for they did not know that I was dying, and only found this out in the early morning. Though it was night it seemed light to me for I saw everything. I stood up, looked at the empty form, and then at myself. I was confused, not knowing if I were dreaming. I seemed to be two persons, one lying down, the other standing up. I had no difficulty in getting free from the body. Whilst I was puzzling about this I saw two or three spirits who approached me in a friendly manner, and told me that I was no longer a dweller among the people of the world, but a spirit.

### OUR RELIGION.

We worshipped the God of Heaven, whom we called Ahoramasda. He made the light, and gave all good things. We had no images of Him. We protected ourselves against the dark power, not by prayer to Him but by prayer to the power of Light. We did not worship the sun, but we often turned ourselves towards it, taking it as a symbol of God.

### MY DESIRE FOR TRAVEL.

My father, though not a good man, was good to us. My great grief when I lived on earth was that I could see so little of the world. There were some who had travelled much, who came to our house and told us of the things they had seen, which filled me, when I was but a girl of fourteen, with a strong desire to travel, and see different peoples and cities. I never had an opportunity of gratifying this wish until I came here. After I had been here and learnt the things we have all to learn, I spoke to my friends of my desire. I found there were others who had the same desire, and we arranged that we would return to the world and travel all over it and see what we had no chance of seeing whilst encumbered with fleshly bodies.

### OUR TRAVELS TO MANY LANDS.

We did this and saw all countries and nations. Some

did not interest us much, but others did, and we spent much time in seeing and hearing and examining things. We travelled eastwards till we came to the furthest sea, and then back again, and went westward among the nations of lesser Asia, and the lands of Greece and Egypt. We spent a long time in the land known to you as Africa, finding there so many different peoples. We came westward as far as the land you are living in now. America—I do not think we saw that. Yes I did, I was forgetting. The names are different now. Of course we saw this country, and long before its very existence was known by the peoples of Asia and Europe. This occupied me pleasantly and not unprofitably for several years.

Of course our invisibility gave us certain advantages, as we could go where we liked without peril or permission. We were sufficiently strong to protect ourselves against evil spirits. What we saw would fill volumes. The world is, or certainly some parts of it are, very different now, and I seldom return to it. When we had satisfied ourselves we returned to our homes in the higher world, and took up the duties of our new life.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT.

I, Danooa the Persian, greet thee! I have told thee of my travels after I had come hither, and how I saw many cities and countries and peoples. When I had satisfied my desire for this knowledge I began the Life of the Spirit. I found here all that my heart had ever desired—love and friendship and the opportunity of knowledge. I sought out those who were experienced and desired to learn of them. I made my home in the beautiful valley of Altolia, through which there runs a clear river. Here I lived in great happiness and found what my soul desired. Only in vision can the life of spirits be shown to those still in the flesh, so different is our life from yours.

## II—THE STORY OF CALAMIEL.

O man of the West! Well did I know thou would'st let me come to thee. I am from the land of ancient Babylonia. I lived not in Babylon, but in a village beyond its walls.

I was the daughter of a peasant, and I toiled hard, as did all my people, who tilled the ground and gathered the fruit. My life was hard but pleasant to me. I lived till I was full grown, and then I sickened and died. I was not married; my parents being poor could not give me a dowry. I was sick for a few weeks only. I felt from the first that I should die, and my grief was great, for I loved one who would have married me had I lived. I found this life far better than anything I had thought; I gained more than I lost.

Chaldea was stronger than Assyria in my day. We wore veils only on special occasions, not in our daily life. Sometimes women were married when they were fifteen or sixteen, but among the poorer people it was often not till they were twenty. Now I leave thee. I thank thee for thy courtesy in letting me write.

\* \* \* \* \*

Chaldea's daughter desires speech with thee, man of the West! I came to thee once before, but told thee not the name I bore in the days of my earthly life. I was known as Mellal. That is not my name now. My name now is Calamiel. I know the things that you know not. I see the things that are hidden from you. Let me come again, for the time is gone, and they have told me.

\* \* \* \* \*

## "HE PERCEIVED NOT MY PRESENCE."

I am the Chaldean woman named in my earth-life Mellal, but now Calamiel. I am writing this myself by the aid of thy friends. I died when I was about eighteen. Surely I told thee that I loved a man who desired me. He grieved much, perceiving my sickness and death, and I still desired him when I became a spirit. I was with him but he perceived not my presence, so I departed from him and began the life of the Spirit.

## III—THE STORY OF ALTAMAH.

My friend, permit me the pleasure of conversing with thee! I am a stranger to thee, but I desire to know thee and be known by thee, for I have heard of thee by the report of my countrywomen.



I dwelt of old in the land that lieth to the east of the Euphrates, and my people were the people of Asshur, whom thou knowest as the Assyrians. I was the daughter of a man of the city of Ellasar. My father was a chief man of the city. His name was Elthasar, and mine Altamah. My mother's name was Beltis.

#### ONE OF FOUR WIVES.

I lived to the age of four-and-twenty. I was the wife of a man who traded much with the people of the north and became wealthy. He had three other wives besides me. I lived an idle and luxurious life, and saw not the poverty of the common people, and did not desire to know about them.

I lived before the uprise of the Persian power, whilst Babylon was a great and strong city. In my days Assyria was stronger than Babylon, but afterwards it yielded the supremacy to its rival. My days were few, and I saw little of the world for we travelled little in those days. I heard about the land of Israel, which lay far to the west of us.

#### THE LIBERTY OF WOMEN.

I had two sons, and both outlived me, but they died ere they reached manhood. I never saw Babylon, but I did see Nineveh, our chief city. The women had much liberty, and could leave the house and make visits without attendants. We wore veils sometimes but it was not universal, and a woman might go unveiled without exciting any public notice. Now I have spoken with thee, and my desire is satisfied. I will come again if thou desirest.

#### IV.—THE STORY OF ATOLDÉ PEOL.

May one who has no claim upon you try to write a little? I am Golden Bowl. That was the name I bore in the days of my earth-life, long, long ago, before the time when you people were a nation.

I am a lady from the land of the Rising Sun. I lived in the land of Persia, when that people were high in power and had conquered all Asia. I lived in the city of Agbatana. I was the daughter of a Persian noble. I died before I had reached the age of eighteen, a virgin and unmarried. How well do I remember the sadness of dying and leaving all whom I knew and loved.

#### "MY LIFE HERE FULL OF HAPPINESS."

The darkness that concealed the spirit-world (from earth) appalled me, and I found no comfort. My life there (on earth) was happy and joyous, and I wanted to live, not knowing that a better life awaited me. How small a thing it seems now that then seemed so great! I have found my life here full of happiness and opportunities, which could never have been mine below.

My father's name was ——. How strange it is that I cannot write it! Golden Bowl was the meaning of my name. I wish I could give the exact Persian name but I cannot. I have heard that many have been to you—Greeks and Babylonians. We so seldom have this opportunity. I hope I may come again. I bid you farewell and thank you sincerely.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am Golden Bowl, the Persian. I come to tell you how glad I am that I came to you. My name in Persian is Atoldé Peol. Yes, that is right. It is in two words.

My people were very powerful when I lived, and all Asia was subject to them. They worshipped the God of Heaven, whose best symbol is the sun, and after that fire. We had no images like the idols of the nations around us. We felt that no image would fitly represent Him, and therefore preferred to worship without these aids to devotion. My dear friend, I should like to come again, as the time is late. I will try to tell you something of the life here. Farewell!

\* \* \* \* \*

I, Atoldé Peol, desire speech with thee. I read thy welcome in thy thought. I have been to see thee, and I have longed to write again. May I bring one who knows far more than I? He was a wise man on earth, but he knows far more now. He has besought me to ask permission for him to converse with thee.

I am Atoldé Peol, the Persian. Let me converse with thee! When I talk with thee the days of my earth-life come back to me, and I feel as I did then. Would that I could tell thee plainly the story of my earth-life! Many there are who wish to speak with thee. I desire thy friendship. I understand not the life of thy people. It is different from that of mine in the old days. I died when I was but a child in years and saw little.

#### "I STILL BEHOLD ALL THE NATIONS."

My people were great and powerful, and they conquered the ancient nations of the East.

I can visit the world still, and behold all the nations, and I find that thy people are greater than was mine, and they rule over more, and their inventions are wonderful. But my people are fallen low, and are now of no account among the nations and their religion is changed also. I am drawn to them no more. I am told that the time is short, therefore I will retire. Surely thou shalt yet behold me as I was and as I am. I depart; endless peace be with thee! I will come again.

#### V—THE STORY OF TERSHAST MELETH.

I, Tershast Meleth, greet thee, man of the West! I have heard much of thee.

#### "I WAS CHIEF OF THE MAGI."

I lived with the people of the Persian land, and my wisdom was esteemed great. But I knew little. I have learnt great things here. I lived when Persia was supreme throughout Asia. I was Chief of the Magi, and had the oversight of them. When I came hither I found that I knew little, and began over again as most do, and I made great progress, being quick to learn. When I died I was fifty-seven. I had a wife and children. I think I have little power to tell thee my thoughts. Let me come again!

✠ ✠ ✠

#### NOTABLE DANISH SPIRITUALISTS.

BY A CHIEF PETTY OFFICER ON H.M.S. "CAIRO."

I AM very grateful to the Editor of this journal for sending me the addresses of the Spiritualist and Psychical Research Societies of Copenhagen when I was about to visit that city.

By writing to the "Isol Spiritualist Society" I made contact with Mr. and Mrs. V. Tuhl, who are responsible for that Society. I may say that it was founded by a spirit gentleman known by the name of "Isol" (from "the sun") and built by Mrs. Tuhl according to his wishes.

I regret I was unable to attend a service during my visit, but Mr. and Mrs. Tuhl were very kind to me and showed me their Temple. The conditions prevailing therein were very harmonious, and as I entered a very beautiful picture came before my view. Within an alcove just behind the platform was a painting of the Spirit Guides of the Tuhl family, with Christ in the centre pointing heavenwards. This painting was done by an accomplished artist under the spiritual direction of Mrs. Tuhl, who is a trance medium, having the soul faculties of clairvoyance, clairaudience, and psychometry also well developed.

As I could not attend a service Mrs. Tuhl kindly offered to hold a seance at her country residence in honour of my visit. In the afternoon we sat in a beautiful garden where she described several of my spirit friends to me whom I readily recognised. And very comforting were the messages they gave to me—how beautiful and yet so far from home!

Eventide approached, and four of us—Mr. and Mrs. Tuhl, their daughter, and myself—sat in full light to hold communion with our friends in spirit. Mrs. Tuhl went peacefully into trance during the singing of two hymns. A prayer was offered to the Most High, and our first visitor was "Isol" himself, who greeted me and welcomed me to Denmark.

The seance continued and seven spirit friends in all came and spoke to us, conversing quite naturally, as is possible in a well-established home-circle.

May I state here that Mr. and Mrs. Tuhl are Danish Spiritualists who, though sixty-five years of age, are doing great work for Spiritualism in Copenhagen.

I enclose two postcard views, one of the "Temple Isol" and the other a photograph of the platform, with Mrs. Tuhl in the front and the remarkable painting of spirit-guides and guardians behind. I conversed with four of those spirits at our seance and realised what great and valuable helpers they are to Mrs. Tuhl and the Isol Spiritualists' Society.

You must please excuse this humble attempt to pay a well-merited tribute to these honourable and ardent Spiritualists of Copenhagen.

✠ ✠ ✠

The infinite goodness which I have experienced in this world inspires me with the conviction that eternity is pervaded by a goodness not less infinite, in which I repose unlimited trust.—*Renan*.



## Spirit Teachings for Present Times—XIV.

TAKEN DOWN INSPIRATIONALLY BY CORDELIA GRILLS.

### "MUSIC, THE LANGUAGE OF THE SPHERES."

HOW often you have heard that phrase without comprehending its intense reality.

What we mean by language, and what you mean by language, are two different things. You say on earth that language is given you to conceal your thoughts. With us no concealment is possible, for thought is visible to all; comprehended, perceived, shall I say, rather than visible. Well, then, how can music be our language? This is but an earthly phrase.

Music, ravishing melodies, divine harmonies, fill all space. It is your earthly senses that exclude by their limitations the music of the spheres. Music! what that word means to many of you! It thrills you, soothes you, uplifts you, as its source of inspiration has been elevated.

Where this is not so, it is possible even for divine music to reach you in a perverted form, so that, instead of elevating, it sways the emotions too strongly, and in its reaction damaging results ensue to the soul that is unbalanced.

On earth a good thing can always be abused. With us that is a thing of the past. We can revel in divine harmonies that excel your music, as our colours excel your powers of conception. Music serves to lift our hearts in joyful thankfulness to the Almighty, who has provided joys unspeakable, joys of colour and harmony, to refresh and gladden the thankful hearts of His children. To Him be praise!—"LAUS DEO."

### "GEMS OF THOUGHT."

Inspiration is like the dew that falls on the grass. As the moisture in the atmosphere is condensed in the drop of sparkling dew, so the thought that plays in the spiritual atmosphere around you is focussed and directed; so that a

little gem is constructed which we can leave with you as the dew is left on the grass.

"Gems of thought." Do you not use that expression on earth? Whence come they, if gems they really are? Out of the beauteous expanse where bright beings have their abode, fashioning thoughts to send to you if you can receive them, which will be to you fresh and invigorating as the dew.

"Flowers of speech," you say. "Flowers of thought," we say. For what is speech but uttered thought? What is utterance but vibration? So we get back to atmosphere again; the atmosphere that vibrates with thought, the atmosphere which holds the moisture, precipitated as the little drops of dew.—"LAUS DEO."

### LOVE AND JOYFUL SERVICE.

Life on earth is largely occupied with duties more or less distasteful and wearisome. Life in spirit is occupied with duties; yes, but they are never distasteful, even though they partake of the nature of sacrifice.

The messenger who bears loving help to those poor souls still in the shadow of death makes a sacrifice in leaving his home of light and love for an atmosphere of darkness, but the love in him makes this service a joy. The Master made the sacrifice of leaving high spheres of light to dwell in a mortal body; yet, by reason of this love, there was joy in the sacrifice. Only in this way could He reach the bodies and souls of those still in mortal bodies at the time He came.

Only those in the body can reach the vast majority of humanity to-day. Therefore to those still in the body a great work is given. Sacrifice, must attend it, but joy will be there too, since joy and sacrifice though men realise it not, are one. Endure, therefore, the cross, for the joy that is set before thee; for by so doing, thou art a follower of Him whom thy soul loveth.—"LAUS DEO."

## Joy Messages from the Spirit World.

By M. L. JOHNSON.

ON four occasions I have had communications from the Spirit World such as I have neither read of in any Spiritualistic publication, nor heard of in any other way.

They appear to me to be highly evidential, because what in them perplexed me, was explained years afterwards in a spirit message received by a medium and published in a magazine. I read it there and only then fully understood my past experiences.

More than forty years ago, long before I became a Spiritualist, one whom I greatly loved passed into the Unseen. I was plunged into deep sorrow. For the first time all the glory of earth and sea and sky had departed for me, and no longer bore a glad revelation to my spirit.

For a full week this darkness and sorrow lasted. Then, suddenly, with utter unexpectedness, a great tide of joy swept into my soul. I knew it did not originate *within me*; it was not *my joy*. I knew also with absolute certainty that it was overflowing into me, and came from the soul of my departed loved one, now alive in Spirit land. All my gloom vanished; I walked in light and joy.

But one thing perplexed me. Why was I not privileged to share my spirit friend's joy until a full week after his passing? It seemed to me that the moment of his entrance into the higher life would have been the moment of supreme happiness to him, and that then his joy would have overflowed into my heart. The interval of a week made me wonder.

Years passed and I forgot all about that experience. Then for the second time I mourned the loss by death of another near and dear to me, and I was again plunged into deep sorrow. I had no expectation of finding that sorrow also turned into joy, yet three days after the passing my former experience was repeated. Into my sad heart came a flood of rapturous joy, and with it the consciousness that the source was in the spirit realm; the gladness of my loved one was being shared with me.

The fact that during the earth-life of these two friends I had again and again learned of their doings,

telepathically, when they were at a distance, doubtless accounted for my ready recognition of their communications from the Spirit World.

Since becoming a convinced Spiritualist, I have twice received similar joy-messages from the Spirit World. On the first occasion I had heard that a friend was dangerously ill, then that she had revived, and might recover. A fortnight later, as I went about my ordinary duties, I was surprised by a sudden great gladness that awoke within me. "My dear friend must be feeling much better to-day," was what I thought. Next morning I learned that for her all sickness was over for ever more. She had passed into the higher life.

On the fourth and last time when such an experience came to me, I awoke in the night and heard a loved relative singing, "Around the throne of God in heaven, ten thousand children stand singing 'Glory, Glory, Glory.'" That was all, but I knew then that her painful illness was ended: she had entered into joy. The morning brought the telegram that announced her passing. She had been a Sunday school teacher for forty years and doubtless had a happy meeting with many to whom she had been helpful while on earth.

Some years after the last of these four uplifting experiences, while reading a Spiritualistic paper, I learned that mediums had been informed by their guides that many spirits on passing through the gate of death remained unconscious for longer or shorter periods, and that, on waking, their first experience was one of great and overflowing joy.

Then at last I fully understood why my joyous communion with the Spirit friends had not occurred at the time of their passing. The first friend had slept for a week after death, the second for three days, the third and fourth for only a few hours; and it was their rapture on awakening to the new glad life that had overflowed into my soul.

Truly death is but the gate to fuller, gladder life, and as truly, we may receive communications from the dear ones who have passed on before.

It would be interesting to hear whether any others among your readers may have had similar Joy Messages from the Spirit World.



## John White Recovers a Friend.

By MARY WINEFRIDE SLATER.

THOSE who were interested in the return of John White, the York Minster verger, here described last month, may like to hear how he has just recovered a friend in the Spirit World, whose earthly body was found long ago wedged in the gates of a lock a few miles up the river Ouse, near York.

Three years ago I sent an article to be psychometrised by a London medium, Madame Jeanne Cavendish. She replied to my letter giving me advice and help upon many matters, after which she described an old man she saw with me "in spirit."

She said his age was about seventy years, and that he was very tall and thin, and stooped at the shoulders. His face was emaciated, and his hair very white and thick; she said he was "a very beautiful spirit." She described a house situated in a country which appeared to be very flat, with no hills. "I go along the road for a few miles," she wrote, "and then turn down a narrow lane. On the right I see a house that has narrow old fashioned windows with lattice work frames. It looks very pretty, and this old man is standing at the gate. He wishes me to tell you that he is often with you and helps you when you write."

It was some weeks before I could get any clue to the identity of this spirit friend, and it came to me through John White. I told him of my difficulty one day, and asked him if he knew of any "old man" who answered to the description, and who lived in a house on the right side of the road. We were sitting together in the Minster at the time, and the evening sunset was throwing crimson blue and purple shadows through the beautiful stained glass windows on the stone flags at our feet.

He then told me of his friendship with a clergyman who was the Vicar of a little country place a few miles from York. This clergyman, like John White himself, was a Spiritualist, although they had kept their own counsel. There was a pathetic story of domestic troubles and money difficulties, which so preyed on the mind of the old Vicar that he left the house one pouring wet night and threw himself into the River Ouse. His body was not recovered until six months later, though his coat and gold watch had been found on the bank. The river at that spot was dragged, and for some miles lower down, but without avail. The body was found higher up the river, wedged in the gates of a lock.

"I saw him the night he was drowned," John White told me. "I woke up in the middle of the night and saw him standing at the foot of the bed, and I said to my wife, 'Something has happened to the Vicar.' Next day we heard that he had disappeared."

When he told me the clergyman's name, I was surprised to find that he had been my father's friend. He used to come to see us at the vicarage very often, and to have lunch with us. He was a comparatively young man then, and I had only just left school. I remembered hearing that he was in trouble, but I took very little notice. I do remember, however, that his hair was very white, although he could not then have been much over thirty-five.

"My advice to you is to take a 'bus to the village, and ask the conductor to put you out at the Vicarage," John White said to me, "then you will be able to have a look at the house, and see if it is the one the medium described. Her description of the Vicar is correct in every detail."

Next day I went on a 'bus along a country road for about three miles. The surrounding country looked extraordinarily flat, though the line of hills on the Yorkshire Wolds could be discerned in the distance. The 'bus stopped and I got out, and saw on the right side of the road a house which was exactly like the one Madame Jeanne Cavendish had described. It was the Vicarage!

I went into one of the cottages and asked if there was any photograph of the ill-fated Vicar. The only one that could be found was in a wedding group, taken when he was comparatively young. He had married the elderly couple, who showed me their wedding group so proudly, nearly thirty years ago! He was standing in the centre of the photograph, and I realised what a beautiful face he had, all the more striking for the white hair.

Villagers collected at the sight of a stranger, and I heard on all sides horror expressed at the suicide of their beloved Vicar. I heard of the troubles with which he had been overwhelmed, and visualised the old man of seventy setting out from his home to deliberately end his earthly life.

That night I took a drawing block and a pencil, and after I had prayed, I asked him if he could show himself to me so that I might draw his face. It was not easy to draw a spirit I could only see clairvoyantly when my eyes were closed, but I did my best, and I took it the following morning to the Minster. I did not speak; I simply placed my drawing in John White's hands.

"Why that is the dear old man!" he said with astonishment; "however did you get hold of it?"

"He posed for me himself," I answered, and we both understood.

\* \* \* \* \*

John White has joined his beloved Vicar in the Spirit World within the last few months, but I know well that they will work together to help all those who are looking for proof of the continuity of life.

## Occasional Jottings by X.

### PSYCHIC CENTRES.

THE writer has been impressed by the considerable number of psychic centres that are springing up in all directions in recent years. Meetings are often held at first in somebody's parlour, beginning in a small way, and as funds permit, they expand into wider accommodation.

At some of these centres admirable work is done on behalf of Spiritualism. The bereaved are comforted by genuine contact with their arisen ones, and teaching of a high order is frequently forthcoming. But at others, alas! one is treated to what amounts to nothing more nor less than exhibitions of fortune-telling. The teachings and philosophy of Spiritualism are ignored.

The phenomena of Spiritualism are, of course, necessary, but unless there be also an earnest seeking after truth and spiritual enlightenment, anything in the shape of psychic contacts were better left alone.

We lovingly and tolerantly suggest to the principals of centres of the latter type that they should seek to put their house in order and thus avoid the catastrophic consequences that sooner or later befall those who work against the wishes of the higher powers; for, truly, God is not mocked!

### THE SUB-CONSCIOUS MIND.

Have you ever met the type of person who has sat with many mediums and had irrefutable evidence of survival—proofs galore—and yet will persist in attributing it all to the sub-conscious minds of the mediums and therefore of no real value?

After all, what is this sub-conscious mind? It may be said to be the higher or spiritual self which, apart from its

instrument, the physical body, and physical mind, has gained much cosmic knowledge, and is ever seeking to impress that knowledge on the mind so that the normal conscious mind and the body under the influence of that mind, will become subservient to the inner spirit, and thus help to render its incarnation as perfect as possible.

Therefore, when a sitting takes place with a medium, the spirits of medium and sitters are in contact, and the higher self of the sitter endeavours to pass a certain amount of information to the higher self of the medium through whom, by reason of the medium's psychic sensitiveness, the information is passed back to the normal mind of the sitter. In other words the higher self of the sitter is endeavouring to help its physical self through mediumistic contact.

But apart from this, the spirit of the medium is able to contact also the spirits of the departed, and to describe them, and to impart much extra help and knowledge to the earthly consciousness of the sitter.

Furthermore, it frequently happens that the spirits of the departed are able to borrow the psychic mechanism of the medium and his "control," and speak direct to the sitter, the medium's spirit having stepped aside for the time being.

As we understand it, the events of corporeal life are usually planned by the spirit when freed from the physical body, mainly in the sleep state. Whether the spirit always decides wisely or not is another matter; but certain it is that sooner or later the higher self or mind will prevail.

And so the sub-conscious mind is an integral part of the real or higher self, and has its legitimate part to play in psychic contacts between the worlds of matter and spirit.



# CONAN DOYLE MEMORIAL

## CALENDAR

October

October

Day of  
month.

- 1 Those who have known sorrow make better progress than those who have not.  
"The Journey."
- 2 Have we a mortal right to kill creatures for amusement? I know many of the best and most kind-hearted men who do it, but still I feel that in a more advanced age it will no longer be possible.  
"Memories and Adventures."
- 3 To the seeing eye decay is as fair as growth and death as life. The thought stole into Alleyne's heart as he looked upon the autumnal countryside and marvelled at its beauty.  
"The White Company."
- 4 The wisdom of the heart is greater than the wisdom of the brain. But the love of man comes from the brain, far more than the love of woman, and so it is there will always be some points upon which they will never see quite alike. Frank Crosse in "A Duet."
- 5 *Airship R 100 destroyed, October 5th, 1930.* The lives of all of us are in the hands of Him who best knows when to claim them.  
Lord Nelson in "Rodney Stone."
- 6 *Lord Brampton (Sir Henry Hawkins) died October 6, 1907.* Of the distinguished lights of the law I have met, Sir Henry Hawkins made the most definite impression. He was a most extraordinary man, and so capricious that one never knew whether one was dealing with Jekyll or with Hyde.  
"Memories and Adventures."
- 7 I should dearly love that the world should be ever so little better for my presence.  
"The Stark Munro Letters."
- 8 The duty we owe to the weak overrides all other duties and is superior to all circumstances.  
"Micah Clarke."
- 9 If a subject is scientific enough for Oliver Lodge, evidential enough for Marshall Hall, and spiritual enough for Archdeacon Wilberforce, no man can afford to despise it.  
"Memories and Adventures."
- 10 *Sir Arthur and Lady Conan Doyle entertained before leaving for South Africa, Oct. 10, 1928.* I should think that at the present moment South Africa's average of psychic knowledge is the highest of any community in the world.  
"Our South African Winter."
- 11 So complete is the human spirit that it can itself scarce discern the deep springs which impel it to action.  
"The White Company."
- 12 We would beg the most orthodox to bear in mind that God is still in touch with mankind, and that there is as much reason that He should send messages and instructions to a suffering and distracted world as ever there was in days of old.  
"Pheneas Speaks."
- 13 *Sir Henry Irving died, October 13, 1905.* There is something wonderful, I think, about the land of Cornwall, whence came the wonderful face and great personality of Henry Irving. How strong, how beautiful, how un-Saxon it was. I only know that his mother was a Cornish woman.  
"Through the Magic Door."
- 14 Christ's bitterest tears have been shed over the misrepresentation which has been made of Him.  
"Pheneas Speaks."
- 15 It is impossible to be near great historical events and not to desire to take part in them, or at least to observe them.  
"Memories and Adventures."

Day of  
month.

- 16 In my opinion far too much stress has been laid upon Christ's death and far too little upon His most wonderful life.  
"The New Revelation."
- 17 There comes no word to tell us  
Why this or that should be,  
Why you should live with sorrow  
And joy should live with me.  
"Man's Limitations."
- 18 I cannot believe that anyone in the world was ever quite so good as the subject of most of our biographies.  
"Through the Magic Door."
- 19 There is always to me something of interest in the views a great man takes of old age and death.  
"Through the Magic Door."
- 20 Who wins the sea wins England.  
*Eve of Trafalgar, 1805.*  
"The British Campaign."
- 21 *Trafalgar: Death of Nelson, Oct. 21, 1805.* Nelson's whole manner, with his short sharp glance and the fine poise of the head, spoke of energy and alertness, and of being keen and ready for whatever chance might send.  
"Rodney Stone."
- 22 *Sir Arthur started as ship's surgeon on his voyage to West Africa, Oct. 22, 1881.* I cannot trace that I made any mental or spiritual advancement during this voyage, but I suppose the experience goes to some ultimate result in character or personality.  
"Memories and Adventures."
- 23 Death, as I have seen it, has not been a painful or terrible process.  
"The Stark Munro Letters."
- 24 *Chaucer died, October 24, 1400.* I remember well that at the siege of Retters, there was a little sleek, fat clerk, who was so apt at rondel or tonson, that no man dare give back a foot from the walls lest he find it all set down in his rhymes and sung by every varlet in the camp.  
Sir Nigel in "The White Company."
- 25 *Charge of the Light Brigade, Oct. 25, 1854.* The days of pure cavalry may have passed, but there will never be a time when a brave and handy fighting man who is mobile will not be invaluable to his comrades.  
"The British Campaign."
- 26 *Grant Allen died, October 26, 1899.* Grant Allen's strong opinions in print gave quite a false view of his character, which was gentle and benignant.  
"Memories."
- 27 *The First President Roosevelt born, October 27, 1858 (died 1919).* Roosevelt had all the simplicity of real greatness.  
"Memories and Adventures."
- 28 *British and Italians forced the passage of the Piave, October 1918.* I dreamed that the Piave would be the turning point of the war many months before the Italians were driven back 60 miles to that position where they won their decisive victory.  
"The Edge of the Unknown."
- 29 Our official detectives may blunder in the matter of intelligence but never in that of courage.  
Sherlock Holmes' "Last Bow."
- 30 *The first Sherlock Holmes' story accepted for publication, October 30, 1886.* Sherlock Holmes was, I take it, the most perfect reasoning and observing machine the world has seen.  
Dr. Watson in "A Scandal in Bohemia."
- 31 *Houdini died, October 31, 1926.* Be his mystery what it may, Houdini was one of the most remarkable men of whom we have any record. He had many outstanding qualities and the world is poorer for his loss.  
"The Edge of the Unknown."



## Phil Returns: A True Story of War Times.

By WILL CARLOS.

DICK ROGERS, his wife, and family, lived in a small cottage at Tywith, in Wales. He was a short, grim, stern-looking, very hard working, but Materialistic and Socialistic in his opinions.

There were several children, of both sexes, but it is of one of them only that I write. His name was Phil, and he worked at an adjacent colliery. He was fair and had a fresh complexion, but was very uncouth in speech and manners. He was about fifteen years of age, and after work would have his bath in the kitchen tub, slip on a change of garments, have his meal, and then cross the road to the cobbler's shop, where Joe the proprietor and Charlie his man were busy at work.

Joe, besides being a practical cobbler was a pious Calvinist, and a football enthusiast. He could give you the records of any team or club, and of the famous goal-getters, or goal-keepers.

Charlie was a newcomer into the village, and he happened to be a Spiritualist.

Another almost nightly visitor was a man called Daniel, a sandy-haired Welshman and a Calvinist. He was a stickler for form, and would always reprove undue familiarity on the part of younger people.

After it was ascertained that Charlie was a believer in the occult, Joe and Daniel between them would often tackle him, but as the newcomer knew as much of the Scriptures as they did—with a keen sense and better comprehension of the meaning of the more obscure texts—he was able to hold his own and often reduce them to a state of confusion.

Phil used to sit, open-mouthed, listening to their arguments, and when Charlie related some of the facts he knew from his own experience, the lad listened with rapt attention.

Joe and Daniel naturally remained obdurate in their opinion that the dead remained in the grave until the resurrection.

The shop was usually closed at eight, and then Phil would cross the road again, carrying to his mother all the news.

Mrs. Rogers was herself a very sensitive woman, and had been "brought up religious," but under her husband's sway had almost lost all her faith. His determined veto on all psychic subjects had quenched her fervour, but still deep in her soul there remained a remnant of her old beliefs, and Charlie's faithfully repeated tales re-awakened her. Of course, the subject was taboo if her husband was in the house, but in the twilight before the fire with no other illumination she and Phil would talk.

Time passed! Phil, now a stalwart lad, left home and obtained a berth on a collier trading with foreign ports. Charlie left Tywith for another town and so lost sight of the Rogers' family.

Then came the war, and all over the country eager youths were enlisting, and Phil, discharged at the end of a voyage, came home. With others of the village he joined up.

There was a training camp near Bridgend where Charlie was working, and one day he came face to face with Phil, now in khaki uniform.

"Hallo, Charlie!" "Hallo, Phil!" was the greeting.

The man was pleased to meet the youth, for he had noted his desire to learn of the spiritual. By this time Phil had become less clumsy, brighter and more intelligent, and Charlie was genuinely

pleased when the youth reminded him of the arguments they used to have in the cobbler's shop.

Charlie, seeing the desire anew, explained to him the whole philosophy, and cited the evidence of eminent scientists in support of his own conclusions.

They spent the evening together until it was time to return to camp. Shortly after, Phil and his comrades were despatched to the front, and Charlie saw him no more in the flesh.

Three years passed and Charlie was once more at Tywith, for Joe was left without a workman and had written asking him to come.

Mrs. Rogers was very glad to see him and told him that Phil had been home on furlough. He had, so far, escaped with only slight flesh wounds' and on that very morning she had received one of the censored notes from her son saying he was all right.

Then followed a period of suspense. No word had come from Phil for more than three months, and the mother began to fear the worst. Her husband pooh-poohed her fears, saying he was confident that Phil was all right, but too much occupied to write.

It was late one Friday night in November that Charlie was leaving the shop as they had been extra busy, when he saw a young fellow in khaki going up the steps into the Rogers' cottage. He at once concluded that it was Phil come home on leave. Charlie was too tired then to cross the road, as it was a murky night with a chilly mist, and he hastened home to his own snug fireside. Next morning, as he was going to work, he called into the cottage saying, "Hallo, Mrs. Rogers, the wanderer has returned then!"

Mrs. Rogers turned from the fire-place, and her dark pathetic eyes contained a gleam of fear. Her features expressed stupefaction as she cried, "What d'you mean, Charlie?"

"Why, I saw Phil go into your house last night. Just after nine!" he replied.

She shook her head sorrowfully. "No, my boy has not come home," she said; "it must have been his spirit—my boy is dead!"

The anguish of her tones filled the man's soul with awe. Then his knowledge brought him relief.

"Not dead, Mrs. Rogers, not dead, but still living to visit you!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, why didn't he come to me?" she cried.

"Perhaps he did, but you couldn't see him," explained the man. "Tell you what, Mrs. Rogers, me and my wife will come and sit with you to-night to see if he can show himself."

True to his word that night, somewhat after nine, Charlie and his wife came into the Rogers' living room. The children, except Annie the oldest girl, were abed, and their father was not expected until a late hour. The four sat around the fire and Charlie and his wife sang "When the hours of day are numbered." Then he uttered a short prayer, and began singing "Lead, kindly Light," when Annie cried, "There's Phil, mother!" and behold the boy stood in their midst smiling, so that all could see him.

**Mass Witchcraft.**—Sentences of six months imprisonment and over with passed on 71 out of 75 Tanganyika villagers tried on Friday, September 15, for practising witchcraft against a mother and daughter who died from their injuries. It was a case of more than ill-willing *en masse*, which can be destructive enough, but rioting accompanied by assault. The original charge was manslaughter, but it was reduced to rioting.

October, 19  
President  
MR. HANSEN SV

SUND

11  
GRO  
115  
(Neares

Secretary:  
OPEN MEET  
(Admission

"TH  
THE A

Write f  
Age P

MASON

FO

will be at TH  
HANTS, on

TH  
Publishes

Subs  
Specimen  
3 La

Let m  
Send  
Stat

"Hon

TRU

26 I  
1 Minute

Mondays  
8.30 p.m.  
Healing S  
Brunner S  
etc.—Silve  
Transfigur  
Health, R  
to 1 p.m.  
(Chromos  
After Serv

ELIZABI

What  
Consult SEI  
Affairs, Bus  
stamped ad



President :  
MR. HANNEN SWAFFER

## SPIRITUALIST COMMUNITY

Chairman :  
MRS. ST. CLAIR STOBART

### SUNDAY SERVICES

WITH CLAIRVOYANCE

11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. at

### GROTRIAN HALL

115, Wigmore Street, W.  
(Nearest Station—Bond Street or Marble Arch)

Secretary: MISS F. V. GREGORY at above address.

OPEN MEETINGS on Mondays at 6.30, Wednesdays at 12.30. ORGAN RECITAL, ADDRESS, QUESTIONS, CLAIRVOYANCE (Admission Free)

SPEAKER :	CLAIRVOYANT :
Oct. 1st—11 a.m.—Mrs. St. Clair Stobart	Mr. Thomas Wyatt
6.30 p.m.—Rev. C. Drayton Thomas	Miss Lily Thomas
Oct. 8th—11 a.m.—Mr. Horace Leaf	Mr. Horace Leaf
6.30 p.m.—Mrs. Champion de Crespigny	Mrs. Helen Spiers
Oct. 15th—11 a.m.—Mr. Lewis Jefferson	Mrs. Hirst
6.30 p.m.—Mr. Shaw Desmond	Mrs. Esta Cassel
Oct. 22nd—11 a.m.—Mr. G. H. Lethem	Mrs. Helen Spiers
6.30 p.m.—Mr. Harold Carpenter	Mr. Glover Botham
Oct. 29th—11 a.m.—Mr. Ernest Hunt	Mrs. Annie Johnson
6.30 p.m.—Mrs. St. Clair Stobart	Mrs. Estelle Roberts

A Children's Service will be held on the 1st Sunday in every month at 3 p.m. (commencing Sunday, October 1st). Parents and friends welcome.

### "THE PRAYER MANUAL"

OF

### THE AQUARIAN FELLOWSHIP OF PRAYER

(INTERNATIONAL)

Write for a copy of this Remarkable New Age Publication. Sent without charge.

REV. V. P. RANDALL

(Editor)

MASONIC TEMPLE, DETROIT, MICH., U.S.A.

FOR CLAIRVOYANCE AND PSYCHOMETRY

**Mrs. LAURA LEWIS**

will be at THE VIKING TEA ROOM, HEADLEY DOWN, BORDON, HANTS, on TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS, where she can be seen by appointment between 2 and 6 o'clock.

### THE GREATER WORLD

Publishes monthly journals in FRENCH and GERMAN :

"Le Monde Supérieur"

"Die Grössere Welt"

Both Illustrated.

Subscription rate: 3s. 6d. per annum; 3d. a copy.

Specimen copies free on application to *The Greater World* 3 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, London, W.11.

Let me help you.

**Astrology.**

Send full name, with date of birth and year.

State married or single. Questions answered.

Fee 2/6 (Stamped envelope.)

**MISS JACKSON,**

"Homlea," Mottram-in-Longdendale, Cheshire.

### TRUE THOUGHT TEMPLE

(CYRIL LODGE)

26 PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT, LONDON, W.11.

1 Minute to Notting Hill Gate, L.C. and Underground, Dozens of Buses to every part of the City.

Mondays at 8.30 p.m. "Your Stars"—by Urania, 1/-. Tuesdays at 8.30 p.m. Psychometry—Mrs. L. King, 2/-. Wednesdays at 5 p.m. Healing Service, with music. Wednesdays at 8.30 p.m. Dr. Oscar Brunter continues his fascinating account of Psychic Experiences, etc.—Silver Collection. Thursdays at 5 p.m. and Fridays at 8.30 p.m. Transfiguration, 5/-. Developing Classes, Psycho-physical Classes for Health, Rejuvenation and Beauty Forming. At Home daily 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. for Advice, Healing and Character Study from Colours (Chromosophy). Sunday Services at 11.15 a.m. will start in October. After Service—Clairvoyance.

**ELIZABETH L. SILVERWOOD, F.T.T.C., ASTROLOGER.**

### What are YOUR Prospects in Life?

Consult **SELINA MORGAN**, the celebrated woman Astrologer, on Marriage, Love Affairs, Business, Finance, or any personal problem. Send Birthdate, P.O. 1/- and stamped addressed envelope for Test Horoscope. No interviews. Postal work only.

24 FOUNTAIN HALL TERRACE, CARMARTHEN

## Books that will help you on the Upward Path:—

By "Heather B."

Silent Guides	...	...	post free 3/2
Lights on the Foothills	...	...	post free 2/2
Healing Thoughts...	...	...	post free 2/8
Counsel from the Heavenly Spheres (New Edition in Preparation)	...	...	post free 1/2
Sleep	...	...	post free 4½d.

"The influence of the Invisible Hosts is crystal clear throughout. Most beautiful are the thoughts and counsel offered and most beautifully expressed. Each Chapter is a real uplift. One visualizes the Christ and His countless Spirit Ministrants watching over us all the time we are reading these beautiful pages."—From *The Two Worlds*.

To be obtained of the Secretary—

**The London Spiritual Mission,**

—13 Pembridge Place London, W.2—

### ADVICE ON ALL PERSONAL PROBLEMS.

Treatments for health and happiness daily by appointment. Developing Circle for beginners and advanced students held weekly. Phone or write in first instance to—

**Mrs. McGLASHAN.**

**Psychologist, Healer and Clairvoyant,**

55a, WEYMOUTH STREET, LONDON, W.1. Welbeck 9613.

### LONDON ASTROLOGICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY

CHURCH HOUSE, 1 BLOOMSBURY COURT, W.C.1

Public lectures on Astrology will be held at the above address every Wednesday and Thursday, at 7.30 p.m.

All interested in Astrology are invited to attend.

For particulars of the work of the Society, classes etc. write the Hon. Sec. Miss A. Geary, at the above address.

**H. J. STEABEN**

**CLAIRVOYANCE, PSYCHOMETRY, HEALING.**  
(Health Diagnosing a Speciality)

At Home Daily, Monday to Friday, 11 to 1. to all calling without appointment. Afternoons by appointment only. Psychometry by post 1/6. Public Seance, Wednesday at 3, 2/-. Public Developing Circles at 8 p.m., Tuesday 1/- Friday 2/-

14 Upper George St., Marble Arch, W.1



## A VISIT TO BRIGHTON

is incomplete  
unless you give the Eminent Phrenologists a call,  
**Professor and Mrs. J. MILLOTT SEVERN,**  
20 Middle Street (opposite Hippodrome) and West Pier Daily  
45 Years' Practical Experience.

## STAINTON MOSES

HIS LIFE AND WORK

BY

CORDELIA GRYLLS.

Post free 1½d. 10d. per dozen.

"MORE SPIRIT TEACHINGS." 1/8 post free.

"PEARLS OF GREAT PRICE." 7d. " "

Book Dept. L.S.A., 16 Queensberry Place, London, S.W.7.

## ASTROLOGY

Mrs. PURDOM,

4 OXFORD VILLAS, CHESTER ROAD, NEW OSCOTT  
NR. BIRMINGHAM.

Will write Horoscopes from 10/6 to £3.3.0.

Date, place, and hour of birth should be sent with remittance.

## TEST THIS FOR YOURSELF! YOUR DESTINY LIES IN THE STARS GENUINE ASTROLOGICAL HOROSCOPES

WITH PERIODS OF SUCCESS OR FAILURE,  
CHANGES AND OPPORTUNITIES,5/-, 10/6 and 21/-  
according to amount of detail.

Send place, date, time of birth.

WILL CARLOS,

98, Soho Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, 21.

**Mme. Marie Stewart**, the descendant of a famous old  
Scottish Seer, and a well-known Medium Clairvoyant and  
Psychic Adviser. Advice by post from 2/6. Addressed  
envelope, birth-date. Consulting hours, 11 till 8; Saturday,  
11 till 5. Every client a personal care.—6, Pitt Street, Edinburgh.

## MISS MARJORIE I. ROWE

attends clients in their own homes (if preferred) for Readings  
by means of Spiritual Inspiration (Trance and Normal),  
Automatic Writing. Circles also taken.

For appointment send 3/-, Stanwick Road, West Kensington.  
stamp addressed envelope to (near Olympia)

## "The Divine Spiritualist Mission"

1 Clifton Road, Squires Lane, Finchley, N.3

MONDAY and FRIDAY at 3.0 p.m. Address and Clairvoyance.

MONDAY, 7.30 p.m.—PROMPT Meditation and Study Group, "The Higher  
Psychism." FRIDAY, 6.30 p.m.—Healing Circle. SUNDAY SERVICE,  
7 p.m. at 14, Market Parade, North Finchley.

## Spiritual Songs for Congregational Singing

for Spiritualist and other Churches. Words and music  
by M. A. St. Clair Stobart and F. A. Armstrong.

Price 2s. Reduction for 25 or more copies.

Apply STOBART,

The Grottrian Hall, 115, Wigmore Street, London, W.1.

PRESS TESTIMONY.

Speaking for ourselves these beautiful hymns form the sweetest  
part of the ever-impressive services at the Grottrian Hall, and we  
heartily recommend their introduction into Spiritualist Churches,  
Societies, and home circles generally.—*International Psychic Gazette.*

## BOOKS BY F. HESLOP

## "SPEAKING ACROSS THE BORDERLINE."

9th Edition. Art Linen 3/- (by post 3/5). Paper Boards 2/- (by post 2/4).

"FURTHER MESSAGES ACROSS THE  
BORDERLINE."

2nd Edition. Art Linen 3/6 (by post 3/11). Paper Boards 2/6 (by post 2/10).

## "LIFE WORTH LIVING."

2nd Edition. A Little Book with a Great Message. 1/6 (by post 1/8).

LONDON:

Messrs. MORTON, BURT &amp; SONS, Ltd., 58 PORCHESTER ROAD, W.2.

All important Booksellers and at The Old Corner Bookstore, Boston, U.S.A.

THE BRITISH COLLEGE OF  
PSYCHIC SCIENCE, LTD.

15 Queen's Gate, London, S.W.7.

Tel.: Western 3981.

Hon. Principal: Mrs. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY

Syllabus on application.

Well equipped centre for the study and demonstration of  
Psychic Science.For particulars of Membership and experiments apply to the  
Secretary.

## "PSYCHIC SCIENCE,"

Vol. XII. No. III.

October, 1933

Editor: Stanley de Brath, M.I.C.E.

2/9 post free.

11/- per annum

## CONTENTS.

Editorial Notes. "My Philosophy" by Sir Oliver Lodge.  
Notes (stenographic) of Direct Voice Seance. Law of Spiritual  
Consequence, by the Editor. Human Side of Mediumship, by  
James Leigh. Lecture on Telekinesis, by Dr. N. Fodor.  
Reflection on the Etheric Body, by Miss Dallas. Correspondence,  
Library Notices, etc.

(Sample copy of back number free.)

## BOOK WANTED.

"MORNING TALKS WITH SPIRIT FRIENDS," By G. G.  
Andrié. Anyone having a copy to dispose of will oblige by  
sending a postcard to Editor, *I.P.G.*, stating price, post paid.

## EDWARD KEITH

Daily From 1 to 6

OPEN CIRCLES, TUESDAY at 7 prompt and FRIDAYS at 3

69, High Holborn, London, W.C.1

(Over Noon's Restaurant, 3rd. Floor)

Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Telephone: Chancery 7678

Do you know which is the best path for  
your child to tread?

A Horoscope will give light on this  
matter also advice on health, capabilities,  
character, and career. It will give times  
when new undertakings may be started  
and times when such things must be  
avoided.

Write now enclosing time, date and year  
of birth together with P.O. for 5/- to—

T. GOULD, F.S.P. Astrologer, "The Nook,"  
Heathfield Road, Cardiff.

JANET LAMENBY, 4 Darley Drive,  
West Derby, Liverpool

Psychometry from small articles, work or used  
letters or writing.

Send postal order, 2/6 stamped envelope appreciated.

## Miss McCALLUM

HIGHLAND SEERESS

69, Eldon Street, Greenock, Scotland

Call or write. Small article from 2/6; age, stamped envelope

PS

No. 242.

Auspici

THE Ae

was f

Octob

public min

of Mrs. Me

The servic

by Mr. R.

Among t

platform and

de Crespign

Clair Stoba

Sir Pomer

Pryor, K.C.F

Benson, M

Moffat, the

E. Whitfield

Polak, M

Lethem, M

Gow, Mr. J.

and Mr. Geo

MR. L

COWEN pres

Meurig Mor

ful and un

ever, look

her recent v

faced the o

her with he

courage. T

was tastef

with arum l

After the

the hymn,

hath felt a

breath," an

invocation

Meurig M

Laurence

comed the

what he ca

New Ter

West-End

This serv

marked th

and elev

began at

Theatre,

He was

realise th

supporte

occasion i

sentatives

fields of

endeavou

Jews a

Buddhist

professio

brotherh

GENER

to the se

and her c

that "Po

through

unity of

among th

MRS. S

Commun

Meurig

ought no

organisat

expected

Inter-Re

bringing

and we

meant th

and relig

THE I

help he

Morris,

but also

father ar

besides.

many bl